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THE

Golden Calf,

AND THE

IDOL WORSHIPPERS.

A POEM.

By PETER PINDAR, Esq.

HUMBLY DEDICATED TO THE
REV. J. C. & HIS THREE SONS.

Giles Cantwell had three pious sons,
A lovely daughter too,
And many cits, a host of swains,
Came to behold, and woo.

But some were fops, and some were fools,
And some, alas! were poor;
So 'gainst them all Miss clos'd her heart,
And Cantwell clos'd his door.

SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:

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THE

Golden Rule

AND

THE GOLDEN RULE

OF THE

THE GOLDEN RULE

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W. WILSON, Printer, 4, Greville-Street, London.

THE

GOLDEN CALF,

&c.

I.

GILES CANTWELL was a man of parts,
And eke of great renown ;
Who by his preaching gain'd great fame
In London's mighty town.

II.

So fiercely did he preach the word,
So fiercely did he pray,
That he would wrestle all the night,
And rave throughout the day.

B

III.

The people rush'd to hear him preach,
 To see him thump the book ;
 For there was wisdom in his fist,
 And gospel in his look.

IV.

Against all sins he bent his arms,
 For sin displeas'd his eye ;
 At drunkards, gluttons, knaves, and wh—es,
 His vengeance he let fly.

V.

He preach'd against the deadly sin,
 The sin which none may name,
 In prose, nor loftier poesy,
 Without the risk of fame.

VI.

He held it deadly for weak man
 To think a wicked thought,
 Nor call'd the crime less criminal
 Because it died unwrought.

VII.

He serv'd out love and charity,
 Soul-forage, cheap to all ;
 And if he tasted all he sold,
 No wonder he grew tall.

VIII.

Yet there are wicked wights, who say
 This man, so grave and good,
 Lov'd money better than his God,
 And scandal than his food.

IX.

For while he thunder'd long and loud
 At those who miss'd their way,
 Under the rose, he lov'd sometimes
 In sin's cross-roads to stray.

X.

He had been mulct in fines and fees,
 And tustled hard with shame,
 Because he sland'rously revil'd
 A kinsman's honest fame*.

* See Flower's Statement of Facts.

XI.

Still he his hearers, day by day,
 With gospel food regal'd—
 For he had brass, and they had faith,
 And brass, thro' faith, prevail'd.

XII.

He talk'd so much of piety—
 He could not talk in vain;
 And those, half undeceiv'd, fell back
 To be deceiv'd again.

XIII.

He felt it wrong such pow'rs as his
 Should run their race unknown;
 And what was fit for all men's praise,
 Should only gain his own.

XIV.

To meetings then the wise man went,
 To gospel-clubs and schools;
 Eager, with giddy crowds besides,
 To swell the list of fools.

XV.

Content, if from the ign'rant crowd
 His straining optics ey'd,
 He could by dint of words obtain
 The praise for which he sigh'd.

XVI.

For public praise is cheap, God wot !
 As mack'rel in a glut :
 And magpie notes, and magpie plumes,
 For those who pies would strut.

XVII.

Giles Cantwell had three pious sons,
 A lovely daughter too,
 And many cits, a host of swains,
 Came to behold, and woo.

XVIII.

But some were fops, and some were fools,
 And some, alas ! were poor ;
 So 'gainst them all Miss clos'd her heart,
 And Cantwell clos'd his door.

XIX.

At length there came a man of wealth—
 A reverend wight, and sage ;
 Whose looks secur'd his sanctity,
 Whose hairs display'd his age.

XX.

TOM OMNIUM was this suitor's name—
 A winning name, forsooth !
 Possessing fire, and fame, and love,
 And eke a lick'rish tooth.

XXI.

He strutted once with ample brim,
 And coat, whose dye was lead ;
 The one symbolic of his purse,
 The other of his head.

XXII.

He strutted once a quaker grave,
 With puritanic face ;
 With lengthen'd phiz and look demure,
 And quaintly-measur'd pace.

XXIII.

He scorn'd the baubles of the world,
 And call'd them poor and vain;
 But when self-interest cried, "Reform!"
 He took to them again.

XXIV.

Where brokers now and jobbers meet,
 He jobs and bargains there;
 And with alternate ease performs
 The parts of *bull* and *bear*.

XXV.

He came—with rapid pulse he came,
 And knock'd at Cantwell's door;
 His fame, the herald of his steps,
 Had reach'd the house before.

XXVI.

Before Miss Cantwell's angel face
 The hoary lover stood,
 While from his bosom to his brain
 Mounted the purple flood.

XXVII.

His nose thrice blown, thrice clear'd his throat,
 His eyes fix'd on the ground;
 "Madam," quoth he, "what I have lost
 "Too surely you have found."

XXVIII.

The maid, skill'd in the lore of love,
 Practis'd in am'rous fray,
 Simp'ring, replied, "Nought, sir, indeed;
 "Has dropp'd across my way."

XXIX.

Then he, with look of eloquence,
 That said much more than tongue,
 "Oh, lady fair! my plunder'd breast
 "Too plainly proves you wrong."

XXX.

"You, madam! you have found my heart,
 "Which I have lost to-day;
 "The trembling captive is your own—
 "Oh, cast it not away!"

XXXI.

Thus spoke this gay Lothario,
 Of threescore years and ten ;
 This hoary proselyte of love—
 This pink and cream of men.

XXXII.

Then blush'd the puzzl'd maid, and smil'd,
 Half yielding, half displeas'd ;
 Yet drew not back her lilly hand,
 Which Tom had sllily seiz'd.

XXXIII.

He grew in strength, he grew in fire,
 He also grew in love ;
 And sigh'd, and look'd, and bill'd, and coo'd,
 Like a male turtle dove.

XXXIV.

And spite of shrivell'd cheeks, and head
 Which time had silver'd o'er,
 The more she thought upon his wealth,
 She relish'd him the more.

XXXV.

For promis'd gems and rich brocades,
 And glitt'ring equipage,
 Are warm, effective antidotes
 Against the frost of age.

XXXVI.

When Cantwell gather'd from his sons,
 The pair so well agreed,
 Quoth he, "Now thrives my family,
 "And I am blest indeed.

XXXVII.

"But prudence whispers, Miss and Tom
 "Should very quickly wed;
 "Or he, perchance, may die before
 "She takes him to her bed.

XXXVIII.

"Now 'tis my duty, sons, to keep
 "A father's eye on you;
 "And while my daughter I advance,
 "To mind your int'rests too.

XXXIX.

- “ Now ’tis most probable; my lads;
 “ This match may barren prove;
 “ And that no progeny may spring
 “ From such unequal love:

XL.

- “ No daughter fair, nor sturdy son,
 “ Our hopes and joys to foil,
 “ Will come upon this transient stage,
 “ My great design to spoil.

XLI.

- “ Now he shall make his will forthwith,
 “ So fickle is man’s life;
 “ And to his children leave his wealth,
 “ In common with his wife.

XLII.

- “ And if no children should arise,
 “ To make us all look blue,
 “ Ten thousand pounds he shall bequeath
 “ To singular of you!

XLIII.

“ Upon no other terms than these ”

“ My daughter shall be wed ; ”

“ Upon no other terms obtain ”

“ The virgin for his bed. ”

XLIV.

“ The children of his former loves ”

“ Must all be turn'd away, ”

“ Cut from provision and from hope, ”

“ Before the nuptial day. ”

XLV.

“ And then, God bless the happy pair, ”

“ With pleasure e'en to cloy ; ”

“ And may heav'n soon receive old Tom ”

“ To its eternal joy. ”

XLVI.

Thus spoke old Cantwell, while each son,

Astonish'd, scratch'd his head,

As if he scarcely dar'd believe

One half his sire had said.

XLVII.

But soon astonishment went off,
 And soon their wits return'd ;
 And soon their pious bosoms, fraught
 With grateful rapture, burn'd.

XLVIII.

No conscientious scruples stirr'd
 Their righteous souls within,
 For they were sanctified to preach,
 And privileg'd to sin.

XLIX.

And tho' against the covetous
 They rais'd their hands on high,
 Their actions, whensoever they pleas'd,
 Might give their words the lie.

L.

Old Cantwell now to Tom repair'd,
 In haste to close the match ;
 Fearful lest by delay, perchance,
 His hope might lose its catch.

LII.

Tom, flound'ring over head and ears,
 Consider'd gold as dirt;
 So he could but a lodgement make
 Within Miss Cantwell's skirt.

LIII.

To all which Cantwell ask'd or said,
 Whatever he propos'd;
 Tom eagerly cried, "done" and "done,"
 And strait the bargain clos'd.

LIII.

Children and friends were all forgot,
 Kick'd from the dotard's train;
 And love, the almighty tyrant! stretch'd
 His unresisted reign.

LIV.

The will was made, the settlement
 With proper speed was drawn;
 And straightway, on the wings of time,
 Arriv'd the nuptial dawn.

LV.

Tom drest himself in gay attire,
 Joy darting from his eyes,
 And Miss bedeck'd herself, as priests
 Did use their sacrifice.

LVI.

Tom's love was stronger than his legs,
 Which slowly limp'd to bliss ;
 When waddling to his bride, he stole
 A sweet transporting kiss.

LVII.

But Tom, above all men beside,
 Consider'd himself bless'd,
 When he beheld the charms of which
 He had become possess'd.

LVIII.

And chuckled he with much delight,
 To think that he alone,
 Of all mankind, should be allow'd
 To call those charms his own.

LIX.

His fancy, like a bird let loose,
 Wander'd it scarce knew where,
 As he survey'd, from top to toe,
 The image of his fair.

LX.

He cry'd, and smil'd, and talk'd, and sung,
 No lark more blythe than he,
 While Mistress Bride, with modest looks,
 Sat fondling on his knee.

LXI.

In gentle dalliance pass'd the day,
 And tender, chaste delight ;
 And long the laggard hours appear'd,
 And ling'ring in their flight.

LXII.

But now to draw the curtain round
 This very loving pair,
 And peep where Cantwell and his sons
 In bumpers drown'd old care ;

LXIII.

Wishing old Tom, in spite of years,
 His youth again restor'd,
 And Miss, that she may never mourn
 The coldness of her lord;

LXIV.

To Cantwell and his sons I turn,
 Who o'er the nuptial wine,
 Aided the lovers in their toil,
 With benisons divine.

LXV.

Quoth John, deep sighing as he quoth—
 “ I know what 'tis to wed,
 “ For when you made me marry wealth,
 “ And take her to my bed ;

LXVI.

“ Oh, father, with what tears and sighs
 “ I struggled, pray'd, and try'd
 “ To feel some little spark of love
 “ For her I made my bride :

LXVII.

- “ I wept till all my tears were dry,
 “ I pray’d till prayers were spent ;
 “ I struggled hard from night to morn,
 “ Yet could not feel content.

LXVIII.

- “ Her money was her only charm—
 “ I kiss’d and strove in vain ;
 “ For all the love she could return
 “ Could not relieve my pain.

LXIX.

- “ I sought my pillow every night,
 “ With heart half broke with care ;
 “ And every morning found me sad
 “ Whene’er it found me there.

LXX.

- “ But use hath lessen’d half the ill,
 “ And much abridg’d my grief ;
 “ For time, as I have always found,
 “ For all things gives relief.

LXXI.

“ And tho’ I feel no glimpse of love,
 “ Things might have happen’d worse,
 “ For wealth makes that a blessing seem
 “ Which once appeared a curse !”

LXXII.

Old Cantwell sung his evening hymn,
 Join’d by his hopeful boys ;
 And Finsbury echo’d to the din
 Of evangelic joys.

LXXIII.

Now morning came—Aurora dragg’d
 Her beauties out of bed,
 And ting’d the eastern hemisphere
 With dyes of modest red.

LXXIV.

Now morning came—the dunghill cock
 Call’d forth the chuckling hen,
 And the blythe sky-lark summon’d forth
 The hardy sons of men.

LXXV.

Now morning came—the rising sun
 Just ting'd the mountain's brow,
 While pin'd to feel his genial ray,
 The darker vales below.

LXXVI.

Now morning came—and all look'd gay,
 The choristers of air
 Woke to one chorus all the groves—
 Their grateful, tuneful prayer.

LXXVII.

Now morning came—and thro' the world,
 All nature's genial race,
 Woke from the apathy of night
 To day's serene embrace.

LXXVIII.

Now morning came—and happy Tom,
 Above all creatures blest,
 Stole one sweet kiss, and gently stole
 Out of his turtle's nest.

LXXIX.

Sweet Mistress Omnium also woke,
 And gently rubb'd her eyes,
 And finding she was wed in truth,
 Slowly began to rise.

LXXX.

At breakfast now, the happy pair,
 With Cantwell by their side,
 Plann'd all their plans of joy, and both
 Swell'd high with rapt'rous pride.

LXXXI.

They sipp'd their tea and ate their rolls
 With rav'nous appetite,
 And both their fancies seem'd to swim
 In oceans of delight.

LXXXII.

Old Cantwell chuckl'd, grinn'd, and look'd,
 And felt himself grow vain;
 And ogled Miss, and ogled Tom,
 Then ogled Miss again.

LXXXIII.

The breakfast o'er, the carriage next—
 The one old Cantwell bought;
 His daughter's dower, and Tom's own steeds,
 Unto his door was brought.

LXXXIV.

To Brighton then they went with speed,
 To taste fresh wind and wave,
 And in the ocean's grass-green bath
 Their pretty limbs to lave.

LXXXV.

There Mistress Omnium's beauties drew
 The homage of the crowd,
 While Tom stood chuckling by her side,
 Much more than mortal proud.

LXXXVI.

But Mistress Omnium was as chaste
 As Dian's icy drop,
 And disregarded all the sneers
 Which pass'd from fop to fop.

LXXXVII.

And Tom, as happy as a prince,
 With sweet composure smil'd,
 To make the bucks that gaz'd on him,
 With strange amazement wild.

LXXXVIII.

But, disregarding looks and sneers,
 They pass'd the banks of Steyne,
 Himself as blest as if a king,
 And she as if a queen.

LXXXIX.

For if the vigor of Tom's love
 Well satisfied his bride,
 His gay and splendid equipage
 Well satisfied her pride.

XC.

They walk'd and rode from morn to night,
 And play'd and slept till morn,
 While Tom was never once disturb'd
 With dream of cuckold's horn.

XCIX.

Now, tir'd of Brighton, they return'd
 To taste the sweets of town,
 To drink the city's smoke of gold,
 And sleep on beds of down.

XCII.

But all Tom's efforts and his love,
 And Mistress Omnium's care,
 So far have fail'd, as yet to shew
 No symptoms of an heir.

XCIII.

So heaven, that prospers righteousness,
 Smiles on old Cantwell's schemes,
 And he and his three sons enjoy
 Unbroke, their golden dreams.

XCIV.

And now, may God bless happy Tom,
 And grant him stores of love;
 And when accounts are clos'd below,
 A good account above!

XCV.

And Mistress Omnium, God bless her,
 And when her spouse is dead,
 Send her a brave and lusty youth,
 To fructify her bed !

XCVI.

And may God bless old Cantwell too,
 With faith and zeal sincere ;
 And when he forms another scheme,
 May I be there to hear.

XCVII.

And God bless John, and Will, and George,
 And may the former find,
 Whene'er his wife may chance to die,
 One suited to his mind.

THE END.

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